



NOW FOR THE NEXT BLOT!

By means of the "individual boycott" system, the ladies of Honolulu have run off the billboards the greater part of the advertising of things the ladies buy. Beer, tobacco, chewing gum and taxi cabs still patronize the outdoor signs, because the ladies have not yet taken up the matter and started in to educate the men folks who buy the beer and the tobacco and ride in the taxi cabs with the girls who chew gum, but that phase of the war is coming. The effectiveness of the "individual boycott" has been simply demonstrated, and now is about time for its extension to more than billboard advertisers.

During the past few weeks a new and unexpected series of scenic waria have exerted on the face of the City Beautiful, only saved from being more obnoxious than billboards from the fact that they never can become as numerous. These are the "tin theaters" that have sprung up in Makiki and will appear in other residential districts unless some method of squelching them can be found.

For these, a liberal dose of the individual boycott should perform wonders. It is clearly up to the people of a neighborhood whether they want these architectural monstrosities to remain monstrosities or not. If, as people patronize these moving picture joints they will not remain, but if the attendance falls off and it is gently insinuated to the proprietors that the attendance will continue to fall off until he or she makes the "theater" over in such a way as to conform to the surroundings and not remain a blot on things in general, the necessary improvements will come. These tin theaters are kept up very largely by the children of the neighborhood. All that is necessary for the residents is to hang up a tabu sign, hold back the nickels, instruct the children why this is done and the news will be conveyed to the tin theater management instantaneously.

These moving picture show corrugated-iron hoppers, as they stand, would be a disgrace to a Mexican mining camp, if there be anything on the face of the earth that could disgrace Mexico. Nevertheless the local moving picture circle is permitted to inflict these ugly, staring, flouting architectural monstrosities on any residential community in Honolulu if they consider that the thing will "pay."

For concrete ugliness and general disrepute a mile of cigarette signs is not much worse than one of these unlovely, harlequin, "amusement halls."

Unlike the "cuffed" person who told his congregation there would be "movies" in heaven, property owners whose homes adjoin these eyesores are fair to make comparisons with the other place.

Speaking in a very apologetic tone of voice I would like to "shoot" the various women's leagues, art circles and City Beautiful clubs onto these scarecrows. Whatever the elevating influence of the shows given inside these structures the outside are painful. A country village might be proud of them but they surely do not improve the appearance of our beautiful city.

"CIVILIZED" WARFARE

The question of what is civilized warfare is being asked by thinking men and women around the world today.

Its corrective inquiry would be: What is civilization? Stop for one moment and answer that question yourself. Two hundred and fifty years ago a judge, an educated man with a lawyer's knowledge of the rules of evidence, condemned an old woman to death for changing herself into a cow or a goat. Any ten-year-old school boy if asked today whether such a transformation were possible would assume a worldly-wise air and say, "certainly not."

One hundred years ago men and women were tortured and burned at the stake for certain religious dogmas, or for spiritual disaffection. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the Samanians, a race submerged nine-tenths, of France bathed their fair skin in blood. "The Terror," that unspeakable orgy of crime in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity swept civilization aside until there arose out of the wreck, Corporal Bonaparte, who attempted the tide with his "whiff of grape-shot."

One hundred years ago piracy on the high seas was a legitimate field of commercial enterprise. War or no war, the loot of unarmed Spanish, French and Dutch merchantmen, the capture or murder of crews and passengers, the scuttling of ships after they had been robbed of spices and gold and merchandise, was an honest occupation. So also was the wrecking of foreign merchant vessels by the lure of false lights.

Many an established fortune of today had its foundation laid on the spoils of piracy, on land or sea. The concept of war as a legitimate method of settling political differences between nations is destined to disappear just as the religious wars have entirely ceased throughout the civilized world. That day will surely come when men will be relegated to the dark ages all racial and political warfare.

The protection of life and property, the promotion of well-being among all the peoples of earth will become of paramount importance when it is mutually realized by the parties concerned that security of life and property, like the security of truth, is not derived from military force.

Political wars will cease, as religious wars have ceased, when society in its entirety realizes that military force and, especially, destruction are irrelevant and ineffective as a means of promoting prosperity.

The unlearned school boy of this twentieth century knows more than the learned judge of the seventeenth century, in that his is the true vision of the doctrine of human rights.

"Civilization" is a relative term. It is not beyond hope that the absurdity of war will one day be as patent as the absurdity of witchcraft, and that "civilized warfare" will disappear among the sons of men.

BASEBALL THIRTY YEARS AGO

At the Club last night, over the glazer and outside, one of our kamaaina business men got to reminiscing, and perhaps "romancing," a bit, about early baseball triumphs in Hawaii. His memories centered on the famous "Missionary Tigers" of the early eighties. "Perhaps Connie Mack, Frank Bancroft and the Venice team may be able to show some nifty stunts in scientific shortstopmanship," he said, "but do you realize that 'The Missionaries' were victors over all comers for three years? That record has never been equaled from the beginning of time."

"While we called ourselves 'Missionaries' that cognomen did not apply to the entire individual membership. The best man on the team was a South-of-Market-Street 'Mick' known as 'Scotty'—the best catcher there ever was. Scotty was a bartender when we first discovered him. He lost his job in the saloon for some escapade or other, and we made up a purse and paid him fifty dollars a month for over two years."

"When not playing baseball Scotty was nominally an office boy for one of the downtown lawyers. Whatever he was before, Scotty was proud of being a 'Missionary' and many a scrap he had in the town with any man who dared make slurring remarks about missionaries in general and the 'Missionary' ball team in particular. Ben Baldwin of Makaweli was manager of the 'Missionaries.' City and County Engineer W. A. Wall was the star pitcher. Auditor J. H. Fisher, Bruce Cartwright, 'Cabby' Brown, Lorrin Thurston and E. D. Baldwin were on the team. Then there was a big Hawaiian, as black as the ace of spades, who long since passed to the great majority, whose name escapes me."

"Scotty was the kingpin of the missionary team and when he went back to Market Street the club went to pieces. Those were great times. Such aids as masks, pads, leg guards and padded gloves were unknown. However the skill was there and partnership was high. There were some great events pulled off at the old Makiki Field."

BATRACHIANS AND BUNGALOWS

A friend of mine bought one of those nifty little moss-rock and shingle-stain bungalows up Nuanuan, or Pauoa or Manoa, it doesn't matter just where—the sort that the real-estate agent palms off on his customers, as a wonderful bargain, one of those cozy little knocked-down-at-\$1937.50 band-boxes that tickles the fancy of every bride and groom.

The bungalow was in a good neighborhood. It was almost as new in the business of being a residence as its occupants were in the business of trying to make the neighbors believe they had been married ten years. Nevertheless after sticking it out for one whole month and trying to look unconcerned the story spread around that part of the valley that the new cottage was haunted.

Wife said no one could sleep, day or night. Hubby said there were strange, weird mutterings like a bull-rail in a tea-acre lot, or like the bellow of a towboat lost in a fog.

The man folks to whom hubby confided were sympathetic—while he was around—but afterwards looked knowing and said, "Pretty, isn't she, but what an affliction to snore like that! Poor fellow!"

What the ladies said is probably still being repeated. So cheer up, brother, you will probably learn what it was, in the course of time—that is, of course, if you are married.

Matters were soon at a sorry pass. It looked as though there would be a divorce in society circles. Then the yard boy broke the combination. The mystery dissolved. The dove of peace descended.

What was it? Oh, nothing much. Only half a dozen large, fat and melancholy bull-frogs, the sole survivors of the batrachian horde that used to give grand concerts in that particular tarp patch before the real estate man built the bungalow over the rain-filled hole in the ground.

No German Atrocities

The Associated Press on September 7 received a message from Berlin, which follows:

"In spirit we unite in rendering (sic) German atrocities groundless, as far as we are able to. After spending two weeks with and accompanying the troops upward of 100 miles we are unable to re-

Seeing Honolulu Series--Number Two



The Cause of War

We don't like to take the space here for such a lengthy item, but recently this department asked what the present war in Europe started about. Now comes a reader and asks this department the same question, remarking that "as you are so darsed smart in other things, perhaps you can answer the question yourself." We can. We will be as brief as possible: In the first place a Serbian Socialist got drunk and killed an Austrian nobleman and his escort (or maybe he was his consort). Anyway, it was some sort. Austria then got hot under the collar over the incident and said to Serbia: "See here, now, we don't want any of that rough stuff. I want to be a father to you. Come into the wood shed." Russia was peeping through the fence when she heard the conversation and seeing what was going on, said to Austria: "Don't you dare touch that child; he's my kid and, anyhow, you'd make a hell of a lookin' daddy." "You've got another thing comin'," answered Austria. "I don't like the color of your eyes, anyhow, and your feet don't track besides, and I can lick you with one hand tied."

"Bully boy," says Wilhelm to Austria: "If you can't lick him I can, and by gosh I'll do it. I can lick anybody; I can lick everybody. We'll take him on together." So Germany slips up on France when she ain't looking and lands with both feet in the middle of Belgium. "Get off'n my belly," says Belgium, "or I'll bite your leg off." "Ouch," says Germany, "but I'll get off when I get ready." "That's not fair," says France: "Take that, you slob," handing Germany a hot one on the snout. "I hate a slob," says England, "but I can smash the jaw of the guy that slaps my friend." "You don't hate it worse than I do," says Japan as she squares off for a hand in the game. "Well, I guess you started it, anyhow," says Wilhelm to Nick. Just then everybody begins to yell: "You started it yourself!" and each one sticks out his tongue at the other fellow and they all clutch and the little fellows begin to dance around watching for a chance to get in a punch and run. And there you are—Bartlesville, Oklahoma, Daily Enterprise.

Do Not Know War Is On

Last week says the San Francisco News Letter, a French bark arrived at this port from Europe. Its captain, crew and officers did not know until told by the pilot outside the Golden Gate that half the world was at war. It certainly seems queer that for six weeks these tanned tars went about their usual daily tasks, scraping, painting and scrubbing decks, in blissful ignorance of the advance of a big German army into France. But they were only one out of hundreds of ship's companies. There are many sailing vessels gliding slowly over the wide oceans whose crews know nothing about the war. There are even remote settlements of civilized white colonists to which the news of the war has not yet penetrated. Hence, the Danish colonists in Greenland will not know a word about it until next spring. There is no cable or wireless connection with Greenland, and the last of the Danish ships that make the trip from Copen-

Small Talks

HURON K. ASHFORD.—Now that I am getting the hang of things I am getting to like this job of being clerk to a judge.

W. H. C. CAMPBELL.—"Raising the ante" is not used in the agricultural sense. The "ante" is not a new crop in Hawaii.

H. P. WOOD.—We will have that Waikiki stream fixed yet. We are starting after it this time along the right lines and with plenty of vigor.

W. D. SPECKMAN.—It was all right when the grass on the Capitol grounds was seared and dying; now that it is nice and green I get tired.

J. D. TUCKER.—Hilo can have any kind of a cemetery it wants. If forty acres won't do they may have a hundred, as long as they won't "plant" me there.

D. LLOYD CONKLING.—Mahalo mai loa. I am just anxious to get back to Honolulu to make my first political bow to the voters. Roomanawanui.

H. GOODING FIELD.—I will soon be in publicity work again, but this time on behalf of the Boy Scouts. You can expect to hear from us both later.

JEROME J. SMIDY.—I don't suppose that I will be the marshal of the Territory until my commission gets here. It ought to be here during the coming week.

L. L. McCANDLESS.—It is better to wear out than to rust out. Hard work never hurt any man and but few men can stand the strain of having nothing to do.

WILL MILES.—The "leak" in the Democratic secret meeting the other night proved not so much a report of what we did as a prophecy of what we are going to do.

COL. J. W. JONES.—There is more fun in a tug-of-war like we have been having here than in a tug-of-war like they're having now in Europe. Me for the first every time.

JOHN MARCALLINO.—I remarked during the McCann trial that Joe Lightfoot was loaded down with the weight of authorities. He was carrying a dozen ponderous law volumes at the time.

FRANCIS M. SWANZY.—Men will do for the preservation of their own honor or that of their country what they would not do for their ideals. It is a man's sense of honor that governs his position among his fellow men.

JAMES D. LEVENSON.—Every business house in this town should be represented at the Third Annual Civic Convention on March. Several committees will be out Monday. Say "yes," and it will mean the best time of your life.

ARCHIE E. KAELE.—Although I was defeated in my run for nomination as a candidate for the house from the fifth district I have taken my medicine and will support the entire Republican ticket at the November general elections.

JONATHAN SHAW.—War is terrible. Just think of all those German bands at the rear of the line on one side and a hospital orpa of militant suffragettes helping out the Allies on the other. We know little of the real horrors of war.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM.—If I can make it I will be numbered among those who will attend the civic convention at Waikiki in early part of October. I hope my health will be such that it permit me to go with the bunch from Honolulu.

J. P. CURTIS.—The season has been exceptionally dry and hot. More rain has fallen than in twenty years before. It is difficult to find places to dry the coffee which is now beginning to ripen at the over levels. There will be a very heavy crop this year.

J. A. KENNEDY.—We will put the Kilauea on a little fun after this season when it comes her time for the Kilauea to have her annual overhauling. Passenger traffic with the string ports has not been as heavy as we would like to see it, but the right business is improving.

I. M. STAINBACK.—"What's your name?" asked a friend of mine recently. "I. M. Stainback," I answered. "I know that your surname is Stainback, but I want to know your first name," my friend hot back at me. "It took me a long time to decide that when I said 'I. M.' I did not mean 'I am'."

CHESTER DOYLE.—How is it that no persons saw a fight last week in which several well-known persons were involved, and yet of two of the ten persons give a different account of the same account of it? It goes to show that our system of establishing facts through the testimony of eye-witnesses is unsatisfactory and precarious.

DE J. H. RAYMOND.—The plantations have made very heavy investments in the improvement of government lands which they sold under lease. It is good for the government to realize that the plantations have made these investments in good faith, and that the title of the land must be protected.

T. M. CHURCH.—The railway will build and own the rail and tracks along the coast from the shore to the interior. This will avoid having the waterfront blocks following this course used as a mere convenient place for the railroad company. Incidentally it will become a considerable source of income to the Territory.

CHARLES G. HEISLER JR.—The strengthening of the stock market yesterday was due to a sudden realization on the part of buyers that the dividend-paying stocks had fallen in sympathy with the drop in prices, to a point which made them very good investments. There was a quick recovery and heavy trading on the street after the exchange closed.

J. F. BROWN.—Technically and in law a license is the equivalent of a lease. I believe that the clause in the Organic Act which limits leases to twenty-one years applies equally to licenses. The difference between the two is that a "lease" of government lands can be renewed or withdrawn for settlement at any time during its life, while a "license" holds for its full term of years.

JOHN S. WALKER.—It seems to me that the proper thing for Sheriff Rose to do, would be to station the same men every day at the intersection of Port and King streets so that they could handle the traffic there intelligently. This business of bringing in hayrack policemen from the wilds of Kailua is dangerous, as they are more interested in watching the crowds go by than they are in regulating the automobile traffic.

J. W. WALDRON.—The land board must be as near absolutely certain of all the facts extant in regard to any proposed lease, exchange or sale of government land as it is possible to be, and these facts should be made a part of the record. There are three factors which must, in each instance, be given full consideration, the size or acreage to be disposed of to one individual, the amount of rentals to be charged, and the term. The land board stands sponsor for the protection of the rights of the people.

JOHN A. HUGHES.—I understand that the British, the French and the German residents of these islands are quietly getting up a subscription fund for the relief of their respective countrymen who are now warring on the Continent. I think it would be a most commendable thing if all nationalities alike subscribed to a fund for the Belgians. The losses and sufferings that these innocent people have been obliged to stand since this war broke out is indelible and as little Belgium has been, in the language of the street, "the goat" in this present conflict, those who are getting up these lists would do well if they gave her a little consideration.

RICHARD IVERS.—There will be a very large bonus paid to the laborers on the plantations if the present high prices continue to the end of the year. Under the system largely adopted by the plantations all employees whose wages are twenty-four dollars, or less, per month and whose time record shows twenty days labor per month throughout the year, receives one per cent of the total increase in average price for sugar above seventy dollars per ton. A bonus equal to thirteen per cent of the total yearly wage was paid to laborers on the plantations during 1912. In 1912 prices were low and there was no bonus. This year it will amount to several hundred thousand dollars. Not all of the plantations follow this practice or at least there is no agreement among them about it. Each manager has his own ideas on the subject. They all have something of the sort however. A good sugar year helps everybody.